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Mary Baker Allen

H. A. R.

Gentlemen's Night

Katharine E. Griswold

1909

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Hissnold, Katharine Elizabeth

Gentlemen's Night



Recited by the Author
at a Meeting of the
Mary Baker Allen Chapter
D. A. R.

December 8, 1909

*Enclose this that you may
see what it is. You may wish
to catalogue it.*

K. G.

Please read it.

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GENTLEMEN'S NIGHT



OR many a day there's been mystery brewing,
Making and baking and spicing and stewing ;
Grave consultations, whispered and long,
Loud lamentations over something gone wrong ;
Hurry and flurry,
Hustle and worry,
Rustle and bustle all over this town,
Until, each lady donning her holiday gown,
We all have assembled from near and afar
For 'tis Gentlemen's Night at the D. A. R.
Now please do not think me at all egotistical
If I speak for awhile of those letters so mystical
And try to explain
In words that are plain,
And are in the main,
Quite simple and sane ;
Just what they stand for,
And what we have planned for.
D is for Daughters and we're quite a crowd,
At whose club as a rule no SONS are allowed,
But where for this night all are duly invited,
And for whose prompt acceptance we're truly delighted.
A for American, traced as far back,
As we our ancestral record can track ;
And fortunate we,
If in searching we see,
There may possibly be,
No ancestor HANGED on our family tree.
R for the war, where our great-grandsires fell
Fighting for freedom as histories tell ;
Or, lived to relate to their grand-children stories,

orig. Feb. 26, 1912.

Of hair-breadth escapes from Indians or Tories,
Or laugh long and hearty
Over Boston's Tea Party.

And thus you may see how we all are descended,
From patriots brave who their country defended.

And while to the battle-field we may not go,
We can quite as aggressively fight every foe,

And prove we inherit
Somewhat of the spirit

That governed our grand-sires in days long ago.

And yet I'll confess,

We may not possess,

The same sort of courage that men do, unless

We see greatest need of prompt action—And then—

We can't kill a rat or a mouse or a hen,

Without a faint feeling—a trembling of hands,

Which I'm sure every WOMAN that's here understands,

But in the great crises and trials of your lives,

Who so quick with their wit and their aid as your wives,

And mothers, and sisters ? And though you may doubt us,

You know very well you could not live without us.

And what is our object, you ask ; what our work ;

For you know us too well to believe we would shirk,

And while like the MASONS our secrets are great,

And I must not gossip of matters of state,

Yet I think I may mention that a part of our plan

Is to change the whole universe so, if we can,

That Peary and Cook may both of them look,

And SEE, the North Pole which each claims he TOOK,

Or so any explorer to that frozen point

May not return home with his nose out of joint.

Then we'll try to arrange with some prominent stars

To select for the air-ships a short route to Mars.

To find if the climate be cold there or hot,
And whether canals run all round it or not :
If people live there, and if so what they wear,
And if D. A. R. Chapters flourish up there.
And then there's that menace to comfort and ease,
The dreaded insidious Hook-worm disease.
One symptom we're told, is a disinclination
To work, under even most dire provocation,
And many a person whose had it for years
Still lives to relate all his doubts and his fears,
In ignorance that in his system is lurking
A parasite cruel which keeps him from working.
But doctors and scientists think that for sure,
With John D.'s assistance, they'll soon find a cure.
So we'll simply investigate serious cases
That come to our knowledge, in various places,
And finding them hopeless 'neath our ministration,
A helpless incumberance to civilization,
We'll note down their symptoms and pass them right on
To the very learned doctors and wealthy Sir John.

Thus you plainly can see

How busy, Ah Me—

In the strenuous days of the future we'll be.
Please wish us success in our great undertaking
And if, while our pathway to Mars we are making,
You would like to go with us, we'll charter more cars
And invite you to take a short flight 'mong the stars.
And a year from this time may you hail with delight
Your next invitation to—Gentlemen's Night.

KATHARINE GRISWOLD.

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